

The Dearest Letter, from one sister!



Jitendra Deka

The every morning, the sunbeam strikes my forehead,
Not to bother, listening to her voice, o my dear!
I swept the sister's tears,
Every mornings laugh I could easily bear!

Emotions comes to leave me,
Today I am in the cave of silence,
She is not with me...
She is feeling the loneliness of the pillow I threw,
She losses the tie I grew,
Finds millions of footsteps in new!

Why the rivers flow to the sky,
Not being steady!
Why the horses neigh,

Not being weeping!

The voice of my nest's Bird,

Is the touch of others?

The dearest letter of my Sister,

Always tends to be in tears!